

WESTERN TEXAS

# SUNSET ROUTE



CALVESTON, HARRISBURG  
AND SAN ANTONIO RY.

WINTER  
RESORTS

OF  
WESTERN TEXAS

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# WESTERN TEXAS

AS A

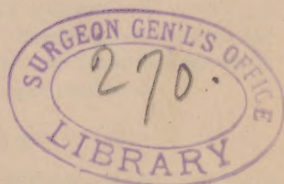
## WINTER RESORT.

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VIA THE

“SUNSET ROUTE.”

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CHICAGO:

RAND, McNALLY & Co., PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS.

1878.

WESTERN TEXAS

WINTERS H. E. CO.

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AS A

# WINTER RESORT.

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**T**HIS small pamphlet is addressed to invalids, convalescents, and persons of delicate organization, who desire to escape the rigors of a northern winter, and pass the inclement months in a mild climate, amidst pleasant surroundings, and in the company of a refined society. To such the quaint old city of San Antonio presents attractions superior to those of the Bermudas, and of Florida.

It is not enough that a place shall possess a mild climate, to make it a desirable winter resort. It must also have beautiful scenery and facilities for sport and recreation. It must present features which shall interest educated and refined persons. The society must be such as will be agreeable to ladies and gentlemen of culture. The medical faculty must be of superior attainments, and the churches those in which the worship of the God of beauty is rendered with eloquence and musical harmony. In short, a winter resort must possess, besides a genial climate and perfect healthfulness, all the advantages of advanced civilization.

That portion of Western Texas which we commend to invalids is located between the 97th and 99th degrees of longitude, and between the 29th and 31st parallels of latitude. In none other can those features which are desirable for a winter resort be found in greater profusion.

### IT IS OF EASY AND PLEASANT ACCESS.

The Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio Railway, or, as it is perhaps better known by its poetic name, "The Sunset Route," has for its eastern terminus, Houston, the railroad centre of Texas, which is forty-three hours distant from St. Louis, and is reached by two lines of excellent roads, one

of which is the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern, connecting with the International & Great Northern, the other the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, connecting with the Houston & Texas Central. Both roads run "through sleepers" from St. Louis to Houston, and one, the M., K. & T., runs two daily trains with a through sleeper from Hannibal to the same depot, thus enabling the most aged and infirm to make the trip with comfort and pleasure. The cars of the Sunset Route start from the Union Depot at Houston, in which the others arrive, so that there is no transfer. Throughout the entire route there are excellent restaurants and dining stations, and every comfort and convenience is provided for the traveler. The train for San Antonio starts from Houston at 9.30 A.M., the entire trip being made through this lovely region by daylight, and in palace cars, which for luxury and beauty are surpassed by none. Each car is provided with an open air verandah, in which the traveler can enjoy the invigorating and balmy breeze, while viewing a scenery of surpassing loveliness, so poetically described in *Harper's Magazine* by that charming writer, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spafford.

"At the moment that you start westward on the "Sunset Route," the landscape salutes you in all the loveliness of a blossoming prairie in its first luxuriance of green under the tender early sun. The flowers are numberless. When you have counted a couple of dozen varieties, you find you have only begun. Here the painted-cup makes the great reaches gay; here YELLOW INDIGO stars them, and presently lends them its color, leading away into the boundless horizon a Field of the Cloth of Gold; here it is scarlet with the scarlet phlox, here blue with the verberna; here the lilies, with their long snowy filaments wondrously alive, whiten all the windings of an unseen brook; here, clothed in the priceless small clover, and greener than Dante's freshly broken emeralds, beneath vast and hollow heavens, and "moulded in colossal calm," the naked prairie rolls away, league after league, unbroken to the Gulf.

Oh, the glory of a Texas prairie under a vertical sun! the light, the color, the distance, the vast solitude and silence, the limitless level, the everlasting rest! A flock of white cranes rise flashing in the light and soar away; a mirage lifts the lofty timber that outlines a distant river, and shows you the stream shining beneath, shaking silver vapor at its feet; in the creek beside you, fearless blue ducks dip and dive and skim away, scattering the water-drops; a drove of horses, rising from beds of sun-flowers, with flying manes and tails, go bounding into space; vast herds of cattle crop the clover without lifting their heads as you sweep by; riders are rounding up their droves, hawks are hovering, birds are singing, winds are blowing, and what seemed only solitude and silence is full of life and action and music. Now the forests of the Brazos begin to rustle; cypress and magnolia, linden and locust, ash and beech and elm, hickory and black-jack, dense to darkness, yet trembling with dew and sun, laced with gay vines of trumpet and passion flowers, and with huge ropes of blossoming grape slung from tree to tree, thick with undergrowth of dogwood and redbud, wild peach and cane, and their great dark live-oaks wrapped in the fantastic shadows of a thousand gray swaying cobwebs, and standing weird and awful in their Druidical beards. And out on what bottom-lands you come—the Nile-rich bottoms of the Brazos and of the Colorado; the black mould and the chocolate of an unmeasured





FOREST SCENE ON THE GUADALUPE.

depth; the cotton springing in endless rows of opening, bean-like leaves; the delicate sugar-cane just shaking out its ribbons! Here in the Brazos we dash by a sugar plantation, the low house with its broad verandas and wide-open doors under huge trees, in the distance the great sugar mills, and all around it the two thousand acres that make it a yearly return of one hundred thousand dollars. In the old times it was worked by a couple of hundred slaves; now seventy convicts under an armed and mounted guard do as well.

There is, however, let us say in passing, no trouble about work in Texas. Political difficulties were over there sooner than elsewhere in the South, and the affairs of labor equalized themselves to the laws of supply and demand. Throughout the State the freedmen are industrious and quiet, securing a good livelihood and laying up money.

Not far away, and still in the Brazos bottoms, by Oyster Lake, a Massachusetts colony is setting up its tents; and here land may be had for five dollars an acre, better than lands on the Illinois alluvial for fifty dollars an acre, and quite as healthy.

Still we roll on, slowly mounting the six hundred feet of altitude at which San Antonio lies above the sea, out upon other prairies, where a single pasture of one hundred thousand acres fences in its tremendous herds. Flocks of birds darken the air like clouds of leaves, and vanish; a deer, perhaps, bounds by; a great buzzard is spreading his ragged wings over his unseen quarry; a carriage and pair go gently along the springing sod—strange anomaly, so far it seems just then from usual life. We roll past Bernard, whence, with but one house in sight, nearly ten thousand bales of cotton are dispatched; past the young city of New Philadelphia; past the lovely Eagle Lake, with its fish and game; past Schulenberg, whose former owner, annoyed by the approach of civilization with the railroad, refused to sell a right of way, but disposed of his whole estate, and moved on where no one could elbow him—six years ago a homestead, to-day a town with mills and workshops, and daily paper; past Luling, with its neighboring Sour Springs, working cures by repute wonderful as the Pool of Bethesda, the gate to the San Marcos, whose fairy-like beauty has been so fitly sung by Mrs. Davis, the sweetest singer of the South; past a score of neat villages, under their live-oaks and pecans; and so on and up and out on the great grain region of the world, where the tender wheat is springing in long stretches vanishing from sight, the rye is already high, the corn is up two feet—a vast rolling region of plains and sun-bathed slopes, before which Mesopotamia is a fable, and the wealth of Odessa is but dust. Over the Guadalupe then, the three Santa Claras, the Cibolo, the Salado, straight into the sunset that casts out its long beams and reddens sky and prairie, and wells up in a flood of lustre suddenly extinguished by the quick-descending night. Lights begin to twinkle below, and you descend into San Antonio. There is a crowd of dark faces at the station, a confusion of strange tongues. As the carriage goes along, soft wafts of balmy fragrance salute you; you are conscious of being in a world of flowers. As you alight at the Menger, enter a narrow, unevenly stoned passage, and come out upon a broad flagged court-yard, surrounded on three sides by open galleries, with the stars overhead, and the lamp-light flaring on a big mulberry-tree growing in it below, you feel that you are in the heart of Old Spain.

San Antonio is like nothing so much as the little African town of Blidah that Eugène Fromentin comes upon in the midst of the desert, set behind jalousies, among gardens and fountains, smothered in roses, and



sung to by nightingales. On a more enchanting spot the eye of poet never rested. There is probably nothing like it in America. Four days ago you left snow under the windows at home, now your room is full of roses; and as you go out and about, you find the town one wilderness of roses, a very Vale of Cashmere. Blush and creamy and blood-red; the delicate little Scotch rose; the superb Marshal Niel; the shining Lamarque; the beautiful great tea-rose, hundred-leaved and full, spotless, waxen-white, and damask; the heavy-headed Persian rose itself—they hedge gardens by the



COMMERCE STREET, SAN ANTONIO.

quarter of a mile together, lattice every veranda, climb and lie in masses of bud and blossom on every roof. It is a long red roof usually, that, bending slightly, forms also the roof of the veranda. Most of the houses beneath it are long and low and narrow, of a single story, and but one step from the ground, built of a cream-colored stone that works easily and hardens in the air, and so placed that the south wind or the east shall blow in every room—the wind that blows all day long from the Gulf, and makes

the fervent heat itself a joy. There is no vestibule; you enter the saloon from the door, and the other rooms open on either side of that, and as they all open on the veranda, that is used as a hall. Over them rise the tall cottonwoods and the huge spreading pecans, and before them or behind them, almost invariably, flows a swift, clear, artificial stream of water some four or five feet wide, the banks now stoned in, now covered with a lush growth of the blooming cannas and immense arrow-headed leaves the size of an African warrior's shield, and now bridged beneath honeysuckle arbors.

These charming dwellings stand with little regularity or uniformity, but here and there, facing this way and that, just as the winding roads wind with the winding river, and always half buried in a sweet seclusion of leaf and blossom. Not roses only, but all the other flowers under heaven: lilies and myrtles and geraniums make the air a bliss to breathe; aloes sit drawing in the sunshine, suddenly to shoot it out in one long spike of yellow bloom higher than the house itself; the Spanish-dagger lifts its thick palm-like trunk, and bristles at a thousand points around its great cone of creamy bells; the euphorbia clothes its strange and lofty stem with a downy green, and then flowers with a blossom like a redbird just alit; in every vacant space the acacia "waves her yellow hair"—the very acacia, it is said, with whose long scarlet silken stamens tumbling out of their yellow hood Moore has taken such poetic license. There are groups of bananas, too, the arch of whose huge leaves reminds you only of Paul and Virginia's home; there are walls of the scarlet pomegranate, one blaze of glory; lanes lined with the lovely-leaved fig-tree, where the fig is already large; and the comely mulberry-tree, grown to an enormous size, is dripping with its blackening and delicious fruit. Sometimes there are summer-houses at the gate almost half the size of the dwelling, entirely covered with vines, and the whole spot so sequestered behind mimosa and cacti and huge-leaved plants that it seems only a tropical tangle that you might hesitate to enter; but, pushing your way through which, you will find, behind broad porches, lofty rooms with polished floors and rugs, books and pictures and vases and costly furniture, inhabited by lovely white-clad women whose manners have peculiar grace.

In and out among these houses slips the San Antonio river, clear as crystal, swifter than a mill-race; now narrow and foaming along between steep banks rich with luxuriant semi-tropical growth, and with the tall pecans on either side meeting above them in vaulting shadow; now spreading in sunny shallows between long grassy swards starred with flowers, twisting and turning and doubling on itself, so tortuous that the three miles of the straight line from its head to the market-place it makes only in fourteen miles of caprices and surprises, rapids and eddies and falls and arrowy curves, reach after reach of soft green gloom and flickering sunshine, each more exquisitely beautiful than the other. Around every lane it takes a loop; here it is just a pebbly ford, there, although so perfectly transparent that you can see every flint in its bed, it is of a profound depth, and everywhere it is of a color whose loveliness is past belief. It flows by the Mexican jacal, and through the wealthy garden, around the churches, across the business streets with its delightful glimpses. You can not escape it; you think you have left it behind you, and there it is before you, hurrying along to the forests on its two hundred miles to the Gulf. It is a happy course this river runs, but a hard fate is in store for the lovely San Antonio. All its pretty, boisterous play is presently to become the groaning labor of a slave, for the sixty feet of its fall, if it is something to delight

the heart of a poet, is something also to dilate the bank account of the manufacturer.

The San Antonio is joined in the valley by the San Pedro, another limpid stream, that pours from the rock and winds through some pretty public gardens before making itself more useful.

The town lies in its valley in the broad basin of the great hills, and upon both sides of the river, and the serpentine course of the river, crossed by a score of bridges and as many fords, is such a confusion and a snare that you never know upon which side of it you are.



VIEW OF SAN PEDRO SPRINGS, SAN ANTONIO.

The streets in the old part of the city are exceedingly narrow, and by no means clean, and the sidewalks are narrower yet, and worn in ruts by the tread of many feet. Many of the buildings on these streets are of adobe, all of them a single story in height, most of them with galleries, as the veranda and piazza and porch are called. Some of them have a curious front, the wall projecting a couple of feet above the line where eaves should be, and pierced by rain-spouts, forming a breastwork behind which the defender lay protected, while through the rain-spouts firing down into the streets, which, in the furious old times that this town has known, with now one master and now another, were wont to run with blood.



Narrow as the streets are, they are incumbered in every way and made still narrower. Here the incumbrance is carts full of huge blocks of unhewn stone, which are handled by brawny Mexicans and negroes, without derricks, and which the citizens patiently submit to see cut in the streets day by day instead of in the stone-cutter's yard; here it is trains of clumsy Mexican wagons covered with canvas and drawn by oxen whose yokes are bound upon their horns, thus occasioning every jolt to jar the brain, and shortening the term of service of the stoutest beast. Often the main plaza is entirely covered with these teams, the great oxen lying all day in the sun there, and from under the canvas of the wagons protrude a crowd of little dark faces that make one fancy all Mexico is on the move. Sometimes the incumbrance is a string of donkeys that trot through the streets, each one with a single fagot on his back, oddly contrasted by another where each one is so hidden by his load of straw, hay, fresh grass, sugar-cane, or corn, according to the season, whose long blades and stems trail upon the ground, that only his head and ears show how the bundle moves. Now it is a Mexican family transferring their altar—the Lares and Penates—on a cart, the father leading it, the mother and grandmother totally obscured by the things they lug along, an infinity of children round their heels, dirty and ragged and with tangled hair, but with the blackest eyes and whitest teeth, the ruddiest dark cheek and most roguish smile ever seen, and with the baby all but bare, strapped on a blanket on a mule's back, sound asleep in the sun, as sweet a little morsel as the first baby ever born in paradise. If it is a Mexican family in a cart encountered thus, the mother is always on the front seat, while the father sits behind and holds the baby. Here it is an army train that stops the way, and makes a prominent feature of the streets—huge covered wagons drawn by mules four abreast, with an armed and mounted escort, whose rifles and broad cartridge belts mean business—on its way to the yet distant frontier, between which and the town a train is almost always moving, as supplies are being dispatched, or officers' families are taking their long ambulance journeys. These streets afford a good deal of interest, and add much variety and vivacity to life for the invalids who visit San Antonio seeking health, the number of whom is large, since the air there and in the surrounding region seems to have peculiar properties that render it almost a specific for consumption and diseases of the throat; and the invalids who have come down there simply to prolong life have in uncounted cases gone away entirely cured. You will see these reborn people, themselves a sight, strolling and driving about in all the pleased surprise of their return to life, and that in a town of such strange and foreign sights to them. Here comes a gay Mexican rider, too, who, if he is in full dress, wears his dark trousers buttoned up the outside of his leg with silver bells, his jacket rich with dollars, and his belt, his great light felt *sombrero* stiff with embroidery of gold and silver, and his bridle and saddle, stirrup and spurs, shining and clattering again with silver. Or perhaps it is a party of ladies bounding along, for every woman in San Antonio is a fine and fearless rider; or some heavy cavalry riders, superb in blue and gold; or else it is a mounted beggar, who, if he does not have a servant to carry his bag, as the *Fayal* beggar does, yet rejoices in a stout little *burro* of his own. Here on the sidewalks, beneath an umbrella-tree that sheds abroad powerful fragrance, little tables are spread, where the market people get their roll and chocolate and bit of pastry, sitting where the gutter would run if there was one. Here, too, are the vendors of strange dark candies, from which the flies are brushed with a cow's tail; of porcupine-work;

of bunches of magnolias, and great, ineffably sweet Cape jasmynes from the coast; and Mexican women crouch upon the hot stones, their dark sad faces half veiled by their ragged ribosas, surrounded by wicker cages full of mocking-birds, vivid cardinals with their red crests, and lively little canarios on whose plumage every color under the sun glistens, making the tiny creatures marvels of emerald and gold and ruby and turquoise. These Mexican faces are a great part of the little town: there are portions of it, called Chihuahua and Laredo, where you see nothing else. There, tumbling in the dirt, are the Mexican babies, than whom nothing can be lovelier; there, too, are the Mexican grandmothers, than whom nothing can be uglier. Here you can buy skins of leopards and ocelots, which the Indian women dress with the brains of the beast till they are as supple as silk; here are the little Chihuahua dogs that can nestle in the sleeve of your coat; here is wonderful Mexican needle-work, made on the drawn thread, rivaling the Old-World laces; here are earthen pipkins or *jarritos* prettily ornamented, with their *molinillos*, or curious wooden sticks, set in many rings, which, rolled upright between the palms, make the chocolate foam in the pipkin. Whatever you buy, *pelon* will be given you; and whatever the Mexican buys himself, be it but five cents worth, he expects *pelon*, or something thrown into the bargain, which renders him not too profitable a customer. Here, in these old regions of the town, you can still see the women patiently crushing the corn on the matata; and here, at almost any hut, you can get Mexican refreshment, if you wish it, that will make you odorous for days.

Everywhere about the outskirts of the town are innumerable low huts built of sticks and mud and straw and any old drift, roofed with thatch coming almost to the ground, and presenting an appearance of the utmost squalor. These are the Mexican jacals. The chimney and its ovens are usually in a cone of baked and blackened mud a little removed, and under a rude awning or a tree the whole family is usually to be seen, with mules, donkeys, chickens, and a horde of dogs, among the latter a hideous, hairless animal, promiscuously intermixed. Dogs are largely in the majority of the population in San Antonio, and their baying divides the noises of the night with the cock-crowing that resounds from house to jacal, from farm to ranch, and rises on the ear in broad surges of sound like the waves of the sea. If you should glance into one of these jacals, you would find an earthen floor cleanly swept, a bed neatly made and brightly covered, and the place garnished after its sort: and although the general idea is that it is a nest of filth, to the casual eye it seems clean and orderly, but poor to the last degree of poverty. Yet the Mexican here can live on less than any. In the summer the corn and onion and peppers of his garden patch meet his needs; in the winter, even when he owns his bit of land, a five-penny soup bone and one sweet potato comprise his usual marketing. But poor as he may be, his daughters do not go out to service: his mother wraps her ribosa—that remnant of the Spanish mantilla—about her with the grand air; and he himself, although in rags, salutes you on the street with the grave courtesy of a Spanish don. Making exception of the proud old Mexican families of lineage and repute, who live in seclusion, it is not possible to feel that these people who are known as Mexicans have any claim to the name as we use it. They are simply a gentler Indian, accepting a sort of civilization, now and then with a fairer tint, now and then with a wave in the hair that tells of darker blood, and always with a high cheek-bone, following them to the tenth generation. The proud Castilian has but small part in them, the gentle Montezuma race perhaps has less.

One having those two strains in his veins—the Spaniard, with his hemisphere of poetry behind him; the Montezuman, representing ancient and rightful empire of the continent—should wear, it would seem, other than these low-browed faces stamped in their dumb and sullen ignorance, whether you see them on the women squatting on the brick floor of the cathedral, or on the men lounging in the plazas against anything which will uphold them, darker and more sullen for the shadow of their huge sombreros.

San Antonio is, in fact, a Spanish town to-day, and the only one where any considerable remnant of Spanish life exists in the United States. In



THE ALAMO.

its old archives much interesting information is held concerning the early Spanish rule in this country, and here also, by-the-way, are some papers going very far to prove the utter innocence of Aaron Burr of the treason under the charge of which he suffered. Many of the people proudly call themselves Spanish, and most of the Americans of the region find it necessary to speak their tongue easily; a lawyer, indeed, could hardly practice his profession without knowledge of the language, which he needs in examining witnesses, in pleading, and in recourse to the documents in the matter of land titles, many of which are in the Spanish, while most of the local laws are founded on old Spanish usage. Land is still measured here by the vara, and the town has its alameda, its plazas, its



acequias, the houses have their jalousies, and the stranger never loses a foreign feeling while he stays. It is true that there are large numbers of Germans, French, and Poles here, that no shopkeeper employs a clerk who can not deal with at least two of these nationalities besides his own, and the place is in a manner cosmopolitan; but Spain is at the foundation of the whole of it. The secular buildings are such as those which the earthquakes had forced on the Spaniard in Mexico, and which, from habit, he brought with him—and wherever the modern builder varies the design, he ornaments the galleries with a light wood-work, cut, doubtless unconsciously, in a Moorish pattern—and the church buildings are such as those which the Spaniard venerated in his mother-land. The Cathedral of San Fernando has, indeed, been rebuilt, retaining only a small fragment of the old building at the back; but the other ancient church buildings, quaint and more picturesque, known as missions, although in ruins, have endured no alteration of design.

San Antonio was itself a mission. A poor little village called San Fernandez in 1698, it was deemed best to remove thither from the Rio Grande the mission of San Antonio de Valero, in execution of a plan still further to settle and civilize Texas, and thus to repress the encroachments of the French, who, under the pretensions of La Salle's brief occupancy, were always laying claim to it. Thenceforth the mission was known as that of San Antonio de Bexar, from the name of the province, Bexar being an immense section of territory then comprising nearly all of South-western Texas, attached to the Intendancy of San Luis Potosi. The population of the town was increased by a royal importation of families from the Canary Islands and from Tlaxcala, and during the following half century the missions of La Purisima Concepcion, of San Jose, San Juan and La Espada were built down the river, each a few miles from the other, and the Alamo was begun on the left bank just behind the town. These were posts partly religious, partly defensive, founded by the Franciscans, to whom some five square leagues were given for the purpose, and who induced the milder Indians to cultivate the rich lands, improve their own condition, and enlarge the revenues of the Church, without any doubt performing a great work of civilization. The buildings of the missions usually consisted of a noble church at one end of the square, a fort at the other, the apartments of the friars, the huts of the laborers, the granaries and storehouses distributed between, all of massive stone, and inclosed behind a high wall completing the whole as a fortress, which was, indeed, necessary, subject as it was to the incursions of the fierce northern Indians.

These missions have an interest for us quite apart from their beauty, for they stand up in their solitude and decay, still giving silent testimony to the immense debt that we, as a people, owe to-day to the old conquistadores of Spain. They are a part of the visible romance of our country, too; for they met the line of that chain of forts which followed in the adventurous path of the Sieur de la Salle and the intrepid Father Hennepin from the Great Lakes to the Red River, and they also were the outposts of civilization in the wilderness. The monks of these missions, moreover, were those who opened to the world the resources of this great empire of the West; with their patience and labor, they were the first pioneers of the region, and but for the riches which the soil displayed at their touch, the colonist might not have been tempted here for a century later. They cleared the way for a new power among the peoples of the earth, and in the annexation of that power to our own in the war that

followed, and the consequent acquisition of all the northern half of Mexican territory, and the great train of circumstances resulting, one sees that, like all the other conscientious workers of the world, they "built better than they knew."

Every one of these missions is now a ruin; the grass grows on so much of the roof as is left, the mesquite starts up in the long cloisters where the fathers used to pace, the cactus sprouts and blossoms in the crannies of the outer wall, the wild thyme hangs in bunches there, and



MISSION DE LA CONCEPCION.

sweetens all the lonesome summer air. Nothing can describe the solitary grandeur and beauty of the Concepcion, and the marvelous piece of color that it makes, as you drive over the prairie, first approaching it when, a mile and a half from the town, its twin towers and dome darkly rise on the luminous sky. It is the first religious ruin you have seen in America—indeed, these ruins are, we think, the only things of the sort in the country; its existence is a romance, its condition a mystery, and a vague pathos haunts its broken arches and disused cells. The mission of San Jose, some four miles below the first, is, however, both finer and more interest-

ing. This is really, it is said, the mission of San Juan, but through a transmutation of names peculiar to Texas, in which, for instance, the original Brazos became the Colorado, and the Colorado the Brazos, the place is now always known as San Jose. The buildings of this, the second mission, were not only of finer design and workmanship, but they were those of a scholastic as well as of a religious institution, inclosed a much larger space, and are left in much more detail. The church was built in the style introduced in Europe by the Jesuits when the Renaissance had become wearying—the style from which subsequently the Louis Quatorze developed itself. But although a meretricious style, its effect, judging from these ruins, must have been very fine, particularly in the dazzling light of this latitude, and the execution of its details was of the best. The stone, although now lichen-eaten and weather-stained, is the soft cream-colored stone of the district, which is easily wrought, the surface walls frescoed with a diaper of vermilion and blue, of which only faint lines remain. All the lofty façade is a mass of superb sculpture of colossal figures, with cherubs, scrolls and flowers; similar noble work surrounds one of the exquisitely beautiful windows; but for the rest, the great halls are roofless, the long arcades are crumbling into mounds of dust, and even the fine statuary has been defaced by wanton wretches who have enriched themselves with the hand of a St. Joseph or the head of an infant Jesus. Such as the carving is, it is regarded with superstitious idolatry by the simple Mexicans whose village surrounds the ruin, and the priesthood itself would not dare to take any measures for its preservation that should remove it from their daily sight. The chapel attached to the mission is still in use, a weekly service being held there. In spite of its pretty font and of the groined arches of its vaulted roof, it is a sad spot. Two or three old paintings adorn it, a sacred image stands in the lofty niche of the only window, which, lined with scarlet, surrounds the image in a blazing aureole, while the walls all about the altars are strung with the votive offerings of the poor worshipers, who, since they can not give lace and jewels, and gold-wrought altar cloths, give curious patch-work hangings which are inexpressibly touching to see. There are said to be great under-ground chambers attached to this mission building, capable of holding two years' provision of wheat, together with secret passages to the river, so that the water supply could never be cut off; and owing to this, the mission was able once to endure triumphantly, according to tradition, a siege of eighteen months' duration from those warlike Indians who never ceased their hostility to the undertaking of the Spaniard and the Franciscan. Of the other missions, down the river, there is scarcely enough left to mention; but take them by moonlight, the effulgent moonlight of San Antonio, and they are worth a journey to see, the front of La Espada towering above the dark foliage, a melancholy haunt of poetry and dreams. Why all these buildings have been allowed to fall into such a condition it is not easy to say. Whether it was that the secularization of the missions crippled them beyond their strength, whether the Indian service was no longer able to maintain them, whether the dry climate had any particularly injurious effect upon them, whether the depredations of marauders have been equal to such destruction, or whether it is judged that they are most effective as they are—whatever the reason, the lover of the picturesque may well be thankful for the result.

The drive to these missions, in deep woods, across all the fords at all the windings of the rivers, through the forsaken avenues of pecans that the good friars planted, and up the open prairie-side, is as wide and de-



lightful a contrast with the ruins as it is possible to imagine, and accents a great deal of their charm. Here is no decay, no disrepair. Nature is alive and throbbing through every leaf and blade; the mesquite is waving all light and feathery grace on every ripple of the air, a thing of beauty, half sunshine and half verdure; the mustang grape, with a stem the size of a baby's waist, twists itself in long, loose ropes and festoons from tree to tree, and spices the wood; the great ratamma, with its yellow primrose flower set in a radiation of slender green spike-like leaves, shines with all its lamps against the dark masses of the magnificent pecan; and earlier in the year the wisache, each spray of which, strung with downy golden balls, is precious in the Northern conservatory, soars like an illu-



MISSION OF SAN JOSE, SAN ANTONIO, 1720.

mination beside the way, and the thickets of the lovely frijo-lío clothe themselves in purple with the narcissus at their feet. All around the Concepcion mission, where one of the deadliest fights of the Texan revolution once reddened the grass, sheets of the white prickly-poppy wave in the wind, the Texas star sprinkles the sod, and the delicate little white ran-lilies that spring after a shower, scatter their delicious odor; everywhere over the broad slopes the prickly-pear blazes up in the sun with its big red and yellow cups full of flame; in the same colors, native to the soil, scarlet and orange lantanas and abutilons grow beside the slender swaying mountain heliotrope with its white blossom and vanilla scent, while violet and verbena, morning-glory, marandia, convolvulus, and clematis, greet the familiar eye, and unknown blossoms flaunt in every copse.

The music of the mocking-bird, which tilts on countless topmost boughs, is pouring over you in floods of ecstasy; the cardinal-bird's note pipes clear as he darts from the shadow of one bush to another like a winged coal of fire; the little finches warble and trill; the turtle doves coo on the low boughs, or go skipping together across the grass; the scissors-tail and the chacalaca skim over the tops of the thorny chaparral; a flock of blackbirds that seem to have lit on the knoll in a patch of yellow blossoms fly away at your approach, and take the blossoms with them; the rabbits bound along the ground; the splendid wings of butterflies brush your face. Just below the second mission you come to the falls of the San Antonio. Although the falls themselves, divided into many, are of no great height, yet the volume of tumbling foam, the wondrous color of the waters, and all the harmony of the world of verdure that in every shade of mighty oak, dipping willow, and feathery fern swings over the stream which slips so smoothly to the fall, and with such jewel-like polish that its very swiftness seems stillness, make a picture of green and silver that it would take a West Indian wilderness to rival.

The Alamo, the last of the missions, and one never quite completed, is but a few steps from your inn, on a dusty plaza that is a reproach to all San Antonio. Its wall is overthrown and removed, its dormitories are piled with military stores, its battle-scarred front has been revamped and repainted, and market carts roll to and fro on the spot where the flames ascended at the touch of the torch of an insolent foe over the funeral pyre of heroes. But yet the Texan visits it as a shrine, and thrills with pride in a history that is more to him than all the Monmouths and Lexingtons and Cowpens and Yorktowns of the Revolution: for, after all, Texas is a domain by itself, with a past of its own, and although long a voluntary member of our federation, yet, like Hungary or like Scotland, it is hardly to be absorbed.

The sword years since usurped the gown in men's thoughts when they spoke of the church of the Alamo, that fortress of the church militant. Yet many a stout contest, to be sure, was waged in and around the little town of Bexar before the walls of the Alamo were ready for the banner poles from which such various flags have tossed defiance: to-day the French, under St. Denis and La Harpe, driving back into it all the Spaniards of the outlying country, to-morrow the Comanches and the Tihuacanos harrying it, and even after it was garrisoned, the Apache riding boldly in and bidding the soldier there tether his horses. But with the building of the Alamo the struggles for its possession became fierce and frequent, and all the peaceful nestling beauty of the town was, until within the last thirty years, only the background for successive scenes of bloodshed. Now Salcedo and Herrera surrender it to the Americans—that Salcedo whose keen insight saw the ruin of Spain in her colonies, and would have forbidden the birds to fly across our border and bring back any whisper of liberty; now Elisondo threatens it, one sunrise, from the distant heights of the Alazan; out of it eagerly marches a band to meet Arredondo at the Medina, and lay their bones to bleach on the old San Antonio road; now, again, a raw army of 500 men hold Perfecto de Cos, the brother-in-law of Santa Anna, and his force of nearly three times their number, prisoners within the walls for two months, till the assault is ordered, when, while one party divert attention by an attack on the Alamo, from which, as well as from the cathedral, waves the merciless black and red flag, two columns march up Soledad and Acequia streets, the one pushing through De la Garza's house, the other through Vera-

mendi's—each house, with its walls three and four feet in thickness, being a little fort—push slowly on day by day through the houses, not through the streets, which were raked by Mexican guns, through Navarro's house, into the priest's house, into the square, when the black and red flags come down and a white one goes up—a bitterly contested fight, where on the second day the magnificent Milan fell, long lying buried where he fell. Although, some years afterward, the ashes of this hero were removed to a cemetery, yet the scarcity of land in Texas recently created the necessity of running a highway through the cemetery; and while he has his monument in the Capitol, yet Milan, who so loved Liberty for Liberty's sake—lay in canebreaks, slept in dungeons, starved and bled and died for her—lies to-day in an unmarked grave where every hoof insults him.

But the great fight of the Alamo, that which has immortalized it with the battles of the world, took place when Santa Anna advanced upon it with all the machinery of war at Mexico's command. From the outset there was no hope within the walls, and the little garrison there made up their minds to their fate; indeed, one of them, Colonel Bonham, sent out to seek re-enforcements, came back alone, although he knew it was to die, heroically as Regulus returned to Carthage. There were 144 men in the Alamo; Santa Anna's troops, at first estimated at 1,500, were presently increased to 4,000; they were the flower of the Mexican soldiery, commanded by officers of matchless skill and daring, many of whom loathed the work required of them. But Santa Anna, who styled himself the Napoleon of the West, left no foes to rise behind him: his policy was the policy of extermination. The town of San Antonio was already his: the blood-red flag flapped from the cathedral, and the fortress was summoned to surrender and throw itself upon Mexican mercy. What that mercy was can be imagined from the subsequent fate of those who capitulated with the brave, impetuous Fannin at Goliad under all the forms and articles of war, and with promise of speedy release, only to receive orders, one Sunday when they were singing "Sweet Home," to march out in double file under guard, suddenly halted when half a mile from the fort, the guard wheeling and firing upon them till they fell, betrayed and butchered in cold blood. "This day, Palm-Sunday," writes a Mexican officer of the massacre, "has been to me a day of most heart-felt sorrow. At six in the morning the execution of 412 American prisoners was commenced, and continued till eight, when the last of the number was shot. At eleven commenced the operation of burning their bodies. But what an awful scene did the field present, when the prisoners were executed and fell dead in heaps, and what spectator could view it without horror! They were all young, the oldest not more than thirty, and of fine florid complexions. When the unfortunate youths were brought to the place of death, their lamentations, and the appeals which they uttered to Heaven in their own language, with extended arms, kneeling or prostrate on the earth, were such as might have caused the very stones to cry out in compassion."

Travis and his men had no mind for such mercy. Shut up in the Alamo, this was the proclamation of that superb leader: "I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible, and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor and that of his country. Victory or death!"

This splendid death-cry was unheard. The call was neglected. No help came. Santa Anna surrounded the place on all sides with intrenched





SAN ANTONIO RIVER, BELOW BOWEN'S FEND.

encampments, and kept up a cannonade for ten days, many times attempting to scale the walls, but always repulsed with slaughter—1,500 of his men, it is said, falling before the unerring Texas rifle. At midnight of the thirteenth day the storming party was ordered to the assault for the last time, the reluctant infantry, pricked on by cavalry in the rear, amidst the roar of artillery and the volleys of musketry, the trumpet sounding the dreadful notes of the *dequeto*, signifying no quarter. Twice they made the attempt in vain, and recoiled only to be urged on for the third time by the irresistible cordon behind them; the third time they mounted the walls and fell to their bloody work. It was short and terrible. As Travis stood on an angle of the northern wall, cheering the fearless spirits behind him, a ball struck his forehead, and he fell; a Mexican officer rushed forward to dispatch him, but he died on the point of Travis's sword as that hero breathed his last. And with that the indiscriminate slaughter began, man to man, of the little force that, worn out with the task of repelling attacks and manning works that required five times their number, with sleeplessness and thirst, and without time to reload their pieces, fought with their knives and the stocks of their rifles till no soul of the desperate band was left alive. Death and Santa Anna held the place. The Alcalde of San Antonio, summoned before the conqueror, pointed out to him Travis on the wall with the bullet in his forehead, Bowie butchered in his cell where he lay on his sick-bed, Evans shot in the act of blowing up the magazine, and David Crockett lying dead with a circle of his slaughtered foes around him. On the shaft erected to the heroes runs a legend whose eloquence makes the heart stand still: "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat, the Alamo had none."

San Antonio has always had more or less to do with warlike operations. It is now again a military department, under the control of General Ord, a brave and accomplished soldier, who from this station directs the frontier movements between those forts that constitute our wall against the Mexican and the Apache; and in the event of a new Mexican war, it will be, as it is now, owing both to its situation and to its railway connection with the coast, the base of military operations. It has an arsenal, with picturesque grounds and buildings, on Flores street, and a military depot on one of the side hills, whose stone walls inclose sufficient accommodation for all the stores needed in time of war, while its tower overlooks the country for many miles. There are several regiments permanently stationed here, while officers of other regiments are frequently going and coming to and from other posts; and there is almost a pathetic contrast between the young officer with his unflashed sword, who arrives smooth and fresh and fine in San Antonio, and the bronzed and roughened fellow who rides back from the frontier after a couple of years of service there. San Antonio is held to be quite a desirable post in the army, and the army life adds a great deal to the pleasure of society in the place, with the high tone of its brilliant men and lovely women of varied experience and graceful manners. But the society proper to the place itself is of a superior order, having something of the old Spanish base of courtesy and gravity with the polish born of contact with the world. For the San Antonians are by no means a stay-at-home people, nor do they confine their rambles to Mexico and the South; you will find many of those in comfortable circumstances who have made the European tour, and several who have crossed the ocean half a dozen times. Besides the school of the convent, there are several fine private schools, and there has

long been a system of free schools in operation there, and those for whom these facilities are insufficient send their children sometimes to the North and sometimes to Europe. Of the young ladies there—who, by-the-way, are rather remarkable for their beauty—there are many who speak Spanish or German, and many are mistresses of four tongues ; while several of the matrons have an acquaintance with the dead languages which would allow them to fit their own boys for college, are well read in general literature too, and proud of the fact that Texas has no lack of literature of her own. A good deal of the quality of this society is owing to the fact that its members depend so largely for entertainment upon themselves, and while dancing and music have received great attention, the art of conversation has had an unconscious cultivation that it does not so generally receive where opera and concert and theatre spare the trouble. Yet this society is a growth of the present century. When the first American lady went to San Antonio, the Mexican women would beg permission to come in and admire her, and after sitting in silence a space, would go away lisping many thanks in their sweet syllables, and saying that she was very white and very lovely.

This soft lisp of the Mexican, we may say, has somewhat infected the speech of the average San Antonian, who calls acequias isakers, and speaks of the Salado and the Cibolo as the Slough and the Seewiller. Perhaps, also, he has been infected by something more than the Mexican lisp, in a certain enervation and lack of public spirit which cause him to allow his lovely town still to retain its fantastic charm, instead of joining the march of improvement : he does not wish to see things other than they always have



SAN PEDRO RIVER.



been ; it is no paradox for him to say that although they be better, they are not so good. This is the square where Baron de Bastrop met Moses Austin turning away in disgrace and despair, and changed the fortunes of Texas ; here is the public crossing of the river where old Delgado's head was set up on a pole ; there is the brook that once ran red with the blood of Salcedo, Herrera, and twelve other good knights and true to pay for that head ; and yonder is the plaza where the famous Comanche fight took place not forty years ago, when threescore Indian warriors, squaws and papooses came into San Antonio by appointment to surrender their white prisoners, and, failing to keep faith, were told they should be held as hostages, upon which, in an instant, bows were strung and knives unsheathed, and in the fearful struggle which followed, the squaws themselves fighting like tiger-cats, not one of the warriors was left alive. The old San Antonian wishes to keep these places unaltered, nor would he have the honored names of Manchaca, Navarro, Zavala, Sequin, and their sort, superseded by those of enterprising emigrants. From the point of view of the picturesque he is certainly right ; but otherwise one is reminded of the saying, now become a proverb, that the enemy of Texas is the old Texan. In spite of him, though, certain changes will be wrought by time ; enterprise has already crept into the place. It has a Historical Society and a Board of Trade ; it is talking of a new system of sewerage ; it has a gas house, much of whose gas is made of cotton seed ; it has a railroad which has already improved its market, and it is bound to have others yet.

There is a sort of romance attaching to the road that brings into daily communication with the world this city, one of that lonely trio, San Antonio, Nacogdoches, and Santa Fe, that for nearly two centuries have stood on their long untraveled trails, unknown and remote in their silent solitudes upon the outposts. This road was built, single-handed, by its owner, Mr. Peirce, who is said to be the largest land-holder in the world. The bed in all its length is broad and firm, much of it made of the solid concrete deposits which are found on the line, the ties are laid with an exact precision, the rails are steel, and the bridges are of iron, with piers of solid masonry that defy the floods. On the occasion of its opening the San Antonians displayed a unique hospitality. To every guest that came over the road they gave literally the freedom of the city—the best they had to offer. Bed and board and fruit and flower were his ; any garden where he wished to stroll was his ; any carriage that he chose to stop upon the street and enter was his ; any bar across which he wished to drink—and their name is legion—any cigar he chose to take. For three days the three hundred guests were entertained as kings and princes entertain, and were dismissed without having been allowed to pay a bill. It has always been a long and fatiguing stage-coach ride thither ; but now the Texan is pouring in to visit its sanctuaries. He calls it almost invariably “*Santone*,” and it is as full of novelty and delight to him as to the rest of the world. He goes to the Alamo and is weighed, congratulating himself on those that were weighed in the balance and not found wanting there once before ; he climbs to the top of the mission tower, and recalls yet earlier days ; he visits the springs ; and he spends his evening at Wolfram's Garden, where the cups of colored light, among all the greenery reflected in the river, make an elfin place of strange contrast to those rude earlier scenes. He goes to the bee caves outside the city, to the bat caves some twenty miles away, where the scent of ammonia is stifling, the accumulations of guano are tremendous, and where the bats

flying out just at sunset in long streams, like the never-ceasing smoke of a volcano, darken all the air, while the transparent membranes of their outstretched wings, catching the sidelong sunlight, make an unintermitting dazzle of prismatic lustre. Or perhaps he is on the fortunate party that unearths the skeleton in armor of one of those Spanish knights sent out by Cortez to find the seven treasure cities and never returning—wonderful bronze armor, finished in the perfection of art. Within the town he sees the long emigrant train threading the streets, with homesick women and determined men ; he sees the great supply trains going out full and heavy to the markets of Saltillo, Monterey, and Chihuahua, and returning with hides and silver and wool ; he sees the hunters coming home laden with



COMAL RIVER, NEAR NEW BRAUNFELS.

game, and the gay party of young roughs pushing forth, with their six-shooters on the saddle, to seek for the lost mines of San Saba, or for those of Uvalde and the remoter west. He sees, too, the group of Mexican officers meeting here, perhaps for refuge, perhaps for safer conspiracy, perhaps to act with that Escobedo who put an end to Maximilian's pretty romance, and served notice on Europe to send no more kings to America ; he sees the old banker, who, an American prisoner, has cleaned the streets of Mexico with ball and chain on his foot, the old physician who holds the diploma of all the learned societies in Europe, and who came to this country with that scion of royalty, the prince who colonized New Braunfels, bringing with him letters from Humboldt ; or possibly he may meet

a still stately dame who wears the diamonds given to her by her old partner in the dance, the pirate Lafitte, hero of Byron's "Corsair." He sees, with these, this and that veteran of Houston's men, still full of the old fire, as interesting to him, and almost as ancient, as if just stepped out of Joshua's army before Jericho; or, as possibly, one of the "bean men," a sort of sacred character, being the survivor of the famous Mier expedition.

But her own surrounding hills and prairies are wealth enough for her as it is. The yield of the cereals there is simply enormous. The corn is twice as high as your head in May, and the grass has twice been cut by that; every known vegetable has long been in the market then. The sweet and luscious figs are ripe, and pears and apples, apricots, plums, and peaches, are ready to gather; while, later in the year, bananas, pomegranates and persimmons come in, and the pecans drop big and sweet as one finds them nowhere else. There are fields about San Antonio where four hundred dollars an acre have been realized out of sugar-cane, although that is an extremely exceptional yield, the proceeds being partly due to the sale of cane in the streets, it being a choice morsel in its season. Large quantities of it are fed to cattle also; and for them, as another delicacy, the prickly-pear is raked into heaps, and scorched of its thorns by fire. The Spanish moss is found in immense quantities on the trees in certain portions of country round San Antonio, as well as all the way to the coast. It is an epiphyte, not a parasite, drawing its sustenance from the air, and not the tree, to which it does no injury; and it is already forming a good branch of commerce, as, being well rotted and dried, it makes a valuable substitute for curled hair in upholstery. Cotton, too, is almost equally prolific with everything else. In fact, there is nothing which the rich earth does not seem capable of producing, and producing at its best. As you see it freshly turned up, clean, dark, and glistening as though it held hidden sunbeams, it seems, according to the old saying, fairly good enough to eat. It would excuse the clay-eaters themselves if it were on such substance that they fed; and one would well wish that, having the traditional peck of dirt to eat, it might be eaten in San Antonio. One does not wonder to see this soil break into blossom the day after it is cut.

"A footfall there  
Suffices to upturn to the warm air  
Half-germinating spices; mere decay  
Produces richer life; and day by day  
New pollen on the lily petal grows,  
And still more labyrinthine buds the rose."

And San Antonio in this matter is but the type of all Western Texas—a land of promise and of plenty; a land flowing in milk and honey (if, with the cattle roaming in multitudes, one were not obliged to use condensed milk in one's coffee); a land where the vagrant can sleep in comfort under a tent in open air all his lifetime, and may live in luxury, scarcely lifting his hands to labor, and where the energetic and intelligent find fortune hand and foot, and compel her to their service. Nearly three hundred thousand people entered it in the last year, and sought permanent homes; many more, we understand, contemplate the same movement in the coming year. And their success is entirely in the measure of their endeavor; for with eggs selling at from six to ten cents a dozen, and beef at from five to eight cents a pound, the cost of living is at its minimum. Rents are the only expensive item, and the climate, as we have said, makes a tent



sufficient shelter till a house can be built. And never was any place more full of opportunity to those who can seize occasion by the forelock—opportunity, too, quite outside of the farming industries. Wonderful water-powers that could spin and weave all the cotton on earth compass the cotton belt there, while the machinery of woolen mills could run without steam beside the ranch where the wool is shorn; the huge heaps of bones, gathered from the prairies where the cattle of two hundred years have laid them, and that are transported at great cost, could be ground into dust, or made into combs and buttons on the spot; acres of blooming wild white poppies tell what is yet to be done there in opium; tons of indigo are ready to the hand; and the mesquite is able to tan the hides that travel some five thousand miles before they come back in saddles and harnesses and shoes. This mesquite, by the way, could be to the Texan almost as much as the palm is to the Arab—an object of pleasure to the eye of man. Cattle browse upon its foliage, sheep eagerly eat its beans; its gnarled wood, when grown to any size, is as fine as old mahogany for furniture; its abundant gum is the gum-arabic of the East, and its bark tans leather as quickly and thoroughly as any other substance known. Forbidden by Spain, in that narrow policy which has reacted in ruin on herself, to grow flax, hemp, saffron, olives, grapes, and mulberries, the country blossoms with them all to day. And, in truth, there is nothing which she does not bring forth, from the wines of El Paso to the camels raised and sold to traveling menageries, for confiding parents to exhibit to marveling children as the ship of the desert, and the product of the Scriptural East.

It is the Scriptural East that the region round about San Antonio, and all this Western Texas, indeed, constantly presents to the mind in the lay of the land and all its characteristics. The irrigating ditches, the shepherds and their flocks, the cattle on a thousand hills, the wild asses snuffing the breeze, the wheat, the vineyard, the lilies of the field, the smell of the grape, the voice of the turtle-dove, the fig and the pomegranate—they are all there; the very atmosphere, and the high clear heavens recall the skies of Palestine; one feels what the burden and heat of the day means, and recalls the Lord walking in His garden in the cool of the evening. At every step some memory or association concerning the Holy Land arises; and the dweller, sitting on his gallery, and overlooking his green pastures, as the sweet and sudden dusk follows sunset without twilight there, can well give thanks, saying, "For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass."

This beautiful description, which is as truthful as it is poetic, is copied by the courteous permission of Harper & Bros., from their magazine for November, 1877, where it will be found complete and illustrated in that high style of art for which all their publications are celebrated. San Antonio daily presents to the stranger new features of interest, of romance and of poetry. That *annui* which weighs so heavily in the orange-laden groves of Florida and on the sea-girt shore of the Bermudas, is unknown in San Antonio.

## HEALTHFULNESS.

The elevation of San Antonio is 625 feet above the sea. Its atmosphere is as pure and balmy as that of Italy, and the water so pure and sparkling that fishes may be seen sporting at the bottom of deep streams. These are the elements of healthfulness. They are the essentials which a winter resort must have to be of value.

The reader who desires to be assured of these facts, has only to consult the United States Census Reports, those of Signal Service observations, or any scientific work on climatology, to be convinced that the climate of Western Texas is the equal in salubrity and healthfulness of any in the world. We give the mean standard thermometer, as observed for the six winter months: November, 58.73; December, 55.76; January, 49.59; February, 58.72; March, 64.50; April, 67.67. Almost any desired temperature may be secured by the change of a few miles from the valley to hill country.

## PULMONARY AFFECTIONS.

The entire freedom of Western Texas from pulmonary diseases, has been noted ever since its first settlement in the seventeenth century. No such affections have ever originated in this country, while all who go there, suffering from them, either experience a perfect cure, or prolong their lives in comfort. Marked instances of this have become current anecdotes. The case of the Rev. Benj. Rogers is one that is full of interest. This distinguished divine removed from New York to Western Texas, before the war, hoping, at the most, to prolong for a brief space a life that the physicians thought hopeless. He is still alive and in comparative health. Although he has made attempts to remove to northern cities, where his eloquence always secures for him the largest and most desirable parishes, he has, in every case, been compelled to return to the healthful climate of Western Texas, where he now resides. Another marked case in point is that of the Hon. H. C. King, now editor of the *San Antonio Express*. This gentleman came to Western Texas a confirmed consumptive, without the hope of enjoying health, and content if he might but prolong his life for a few years. Now, he is robust as most men, and daily pursues the arduous and exacting profession of journalism, and finds himself fully equal to the performance of the severe night labor which that profession requires. Application to the officers and agents of the road will be answered with the names of numerous others who have experienced like benefit—not those of Joe Williams and Mrs. Melinda Brown, which have done gallant service in vouching for the miraculous cures of Dr. Pillgarlic's Elixir of Life and a thousand other nostrums, but those of people whose intellectual and social standing are

widely known; ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged wealth, culture and responsibility.

While San Antonio is surpassingly healthy, invalids in an advanced stage of consumption may find the higher altitudes of Boerne, Bandera, Fort Concho, Castroville and other cities even more beneficial. All these will receive from the medical practitioners of San Antonio the most reliable and trustworthy advice.

The invalid can not be too strongly impressed with the advantage of a little heroism, for while it is true that great and manifest advantage is derived by a residence among the refinements and luxuries of any of these cities, it is also true that far greater benefits accrue from an open air life in the country. Unless the patient is so far reduced as to be unable to make the exertion, the physicians almost invariably advise camp life, sleeping in tent, and the pursuit of outdoor sport. It requires considerable heroism for the consumptive lady or even gentleman accustomed to the elegant luxuries and tempting viands of a sick chamber to take up with frontier life, but such as do almost invariably find vigor of arm and bloom of cheek returning. They soon enjoy a bear steak and a venison stew though rudely prepared by the camp fire or on the kitchen hearth, with a zest and an appetite which the most epicurean *pete foi de gras* never provoked.

### OUTDOOR SPORTS.

The lover of hunting and fishing can find abundant use for both rod and gun in Western Texas. The San Antonio, the Salado, and the Guadalupe, with other streams more distant from the city, are filled with fish of many kinds, and a day's sport may always be had by those who love the pursuit of Izak Walton. Deer, turkeys and almost every variety of smaller game birds are found in abundance. The true sportsman will have no lack in the variety of his game, and if he is inclined to more exciting contests than those of skill he can find ample opportunity for the display of courage and hardihood in hunting the puma, the ocelot, the leopard, the bear and the buffalo, within a few days' ride of the antique city.

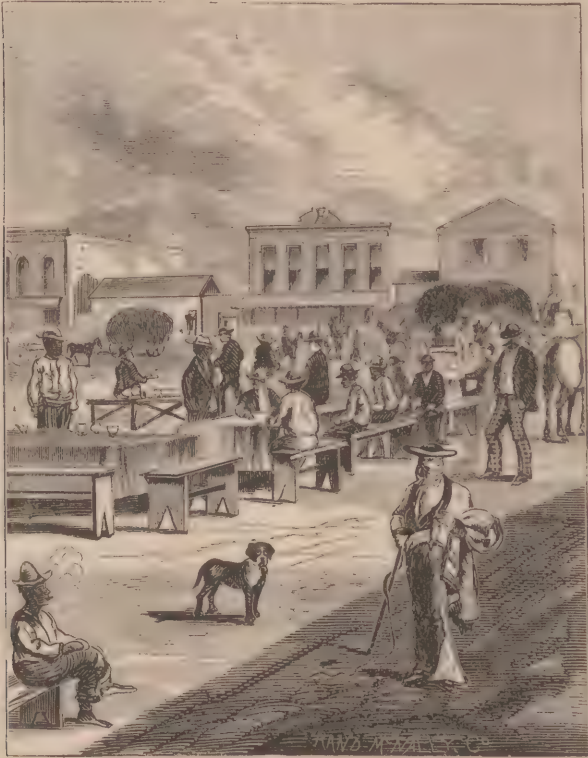
### THE CHURCHES.

San Antonio is twice a cathedral city. The Bishops of the Catholic and Episcopal churches have their cathedrals here, where the worship according to their rituals is performed by eloquent clergy and talented choirs. Each denomination of Christians has an elegant church. That of St. Mary's, where the sermons are in English by the Rev. Father Johnson, one of the most eloquent of the Catholic clergy, and the Episcopal cathedral of St. Mark's of which the Rev. Mr. Richardson is Dean, are models of architectural beauty. The churches of the other denominations, though smaller, are all that the devout Christian can desire.



### THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

The physicians of San Antonio have long been noted for their high attainments and scientific skill. They number several who carry the highest European honors,—gentlemen who would secure fame and distinction in any city. It is not necessary to suggest that no place is worthy the name of a winter resort unless the medical faculty is of a high order. •



BREAKFAST IN MARKET SQUARE, SAN ANTONIO.

### THE HOTELS.

Mrs Spafford, in her delightful sketch, so freely quoted, has alluded to the unique "Menger House," the chief hotel of the city. Its spacious and delightful court-yard is always suggestive of Continental life. It does

not require a vigorous imagination to fancy oneself in sunny Spain. Hounds Hotel, on the main plaza, is also an excellent home for travelers. The view from its balcony, which we present in the cut of the breakfast scene, is unique and curious. At the Vance on Houston street, the invalid and traveler will meet that courtesy and kindness which is so much appreciated by those far from home. Other hotels offer all the advantages of comfort at a less price ; while in private houses and rented cottages the invalid and sojourner may secure all the comforts of home and all the privacy he desires, at a very reasonable cost.

### CARRIAGES.

The many beautiful drives and objects of interest which surround San Antonio have developed the "hack business" to unusual proportions. There are nearly one hundred carriages licensed for hire. Their superior character, beauty and comfort, with their excellent teams, are themes for the commendation of all strangers. The convenience afforded by these vehicles will be appreciated by those who have suffered the deprivation at other winter resorts.

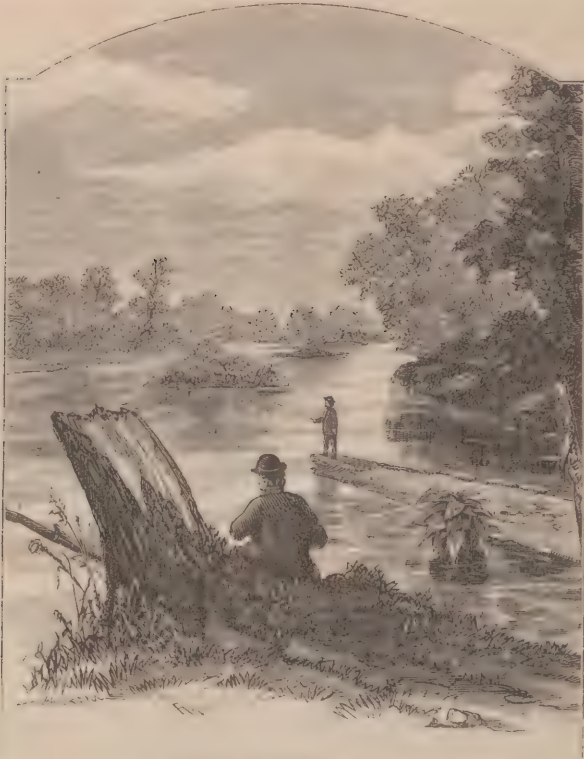
### SCHOOLS.

Many fathers and mothers hesitate to seek the benefits of a winter resort because they dislike to be separated from their children at a time when they must be receiving an education. Such will be glad to know that San Antonio offers superior opportunities for education. The public schools are of a superior character, while there are numerous private professors in languages, music and the fine arts. The great number of wealthy families in San Antonio has developed a corps of instructors of exceptional ability. There is no place in the country which excels San Antonio in opportunities for studying music, drawing, painting, embroidery and the languages.

### CALDWELL SPRINGS, HARWOOD AND LULING WELLS.

The country has been so deluged with mineral waters whose only benefit was their exceeding unpleasantness, that we hesitate to speak of these two wells of natural water which are so much sought after by Texans suffering from Bright's and other diseases of the kidneys. These waters have been used for years and have given benefit where all others failed. The water was first taken from Burditt's well where there is a Sanitarium for sick persons, but is now found at Harwood and it is supposed to be in other localities. This well is situated just to the left of the stage road from Luling to Austin, eight miles from the railroad. It was discovered about twenty-seven years ago, and even then became famous for the wonderful cures its waters effected. But it grew to be an annoyance to its

original owner, for people flocked to it to be healed of their afflictions, and gave him no reward. So he closed it up, in which condition it remained about a decade, for it was not reopened until the month of March, 1873, when the land upon which it is situated was purchased by Dr. H. N. Burditt. Being cognizant of the virtues of the water of this well, the Doctor at once invited the patronage of all sufferers from diseases, and



FISHING IN THE SAN MARCOS.

inaugurated such improvements from time to time as his limited means would admit of. First, he employed Dr. George H. Kalteyer, of San Antonio, to make a qualitative analysis of the sour water, which analysis proved the water to possess the following as its medicinal properties: Sulphate of lime, sulphate of magnesia in large quantities, chloride of sodium, chloride of potassium, carbonate of iron, phosphate and chloride



of lime, sulphate of alumina, baryta, strontia, also free sulphuric acid in large quantity. This water is acid and astringent in taste, and acts on the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, increasing the blood, appetite and digestion.

The Well is located in a valley about two hundred yards from the hotel buildings, which stand upon the plateau, at the edge of a post-oak grove and among the oaks. There are a half dozen buildings, the ladies' quarters being separate from those of the gentlemen, and there is a store and a barber shop upon the premises. The accommodations are as good as could be expected, and the table is furnished with the best the country affords.

The Burditt Well and Caldwell Springs are two distinct places. The Well and the Springs are about two and a half miles apart, and the waters differ in color, taste and medicinal effect. The water of the Well has the taste of iron, and that of the Springs the taste of alum.

The names of numerous prominent and well-known citizens who have received benefit from these waters, might be given, had we space.

We have thus in a cursory manner stated some of the advantages which Western Texas has as a place of winter resort; and with an abounding faith that those who avail themselves of these providential means of recovery will receive the expected benefit, and have cause to rejoice in renewed health and vigor, we invite all who are interested for themselves or their friends to open correspondence with any of the following gentlemen :

COL. H. B. ANDREWS, *Land Commissioner*,  
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.  
GEN. J. B. ROBERTSON, *Immigration Agent*,  
ST. LOUIS, MO.  
DR. AMMI BROWN, *Immigration Agent*,  
58 Sears Building, BOSTON.  
M. WHILLDIN, *Immigration Agent*,  
818 Walnut Street, PHILADELPHIA.



## MEDICAL OPINION.

The following extracts are made from a paper read at the 9th Annual Session of the Texas State Medical Association, by Dr. J. B. Robertson, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed physicians of the State:

"That portion of West and Southwest Texas lying west of the 98th meridian of longitude, and north of the 29th degree of latitude, has an elevation above the sea, beginning fifty miles south of San Antonio, of 500 feet, and gradually rising, as the line is traced north, to 2,000 feet. This region is drained by the following rivers and their numerous tributaries: Brazos, Colorado, Guadalupe, San Antonio, Nueces and Rio Grande, all of which find their outlets into the Gulf of Mexico. The rapidly decreasing elevation of the country, through which these streams pass, in their course to the sea, secures to the section named the most perfect and thorough drainage. In addition to this fact, this vast area of territory is entirely free from ponds, marshes, lakes or stagnant bodies of water, to disturb, with their contaminating effluvia, the purity of the atmosphere. Here are also found the principal mountain ranges, of which the Guadalupe is the largest, and has the greatest elevation. These mountains, with their intervening valleys and plains, with their springs of pure and limpid water, which for beauty and picturesqueness, are rarely equaled and never surpassed, are beginning to attract the attention of the professional man in search of a locality for the climatic treatment of diseases of the respiratory organs, especially phthisis.

It is a source of much regret that I have not been able to get satisfactory reports of the range of the thermometer and the barometer, with the humidity of the atmosphere. I am only able to give the mean temperature for the seasons and year (means obtained from six years' observation at San Antonio), ending with the year 1875, which is, Spring, 69.94°; Summer, 85.56°; Autumn, 68.95°; Winter, 52.94°; for the year, 68.85°. The mean average rainfall for the same period was 36.90 inches. For these figures I am indebted to Dr. Fred. Peterson of San Antonio.

The pressure of vapor, its weight, the absolute humidity, have, as far as I know, never been measured, but the observations of daily life, by all who have lived in any part of this section, or traveled through it, concur in attesting the astonishing rapidity with which the roads dry after a fall of rain, and the perfect preservation of meats for days, hanging in the open air, indicating unmistakably a small amount of moisture suspended in the air.

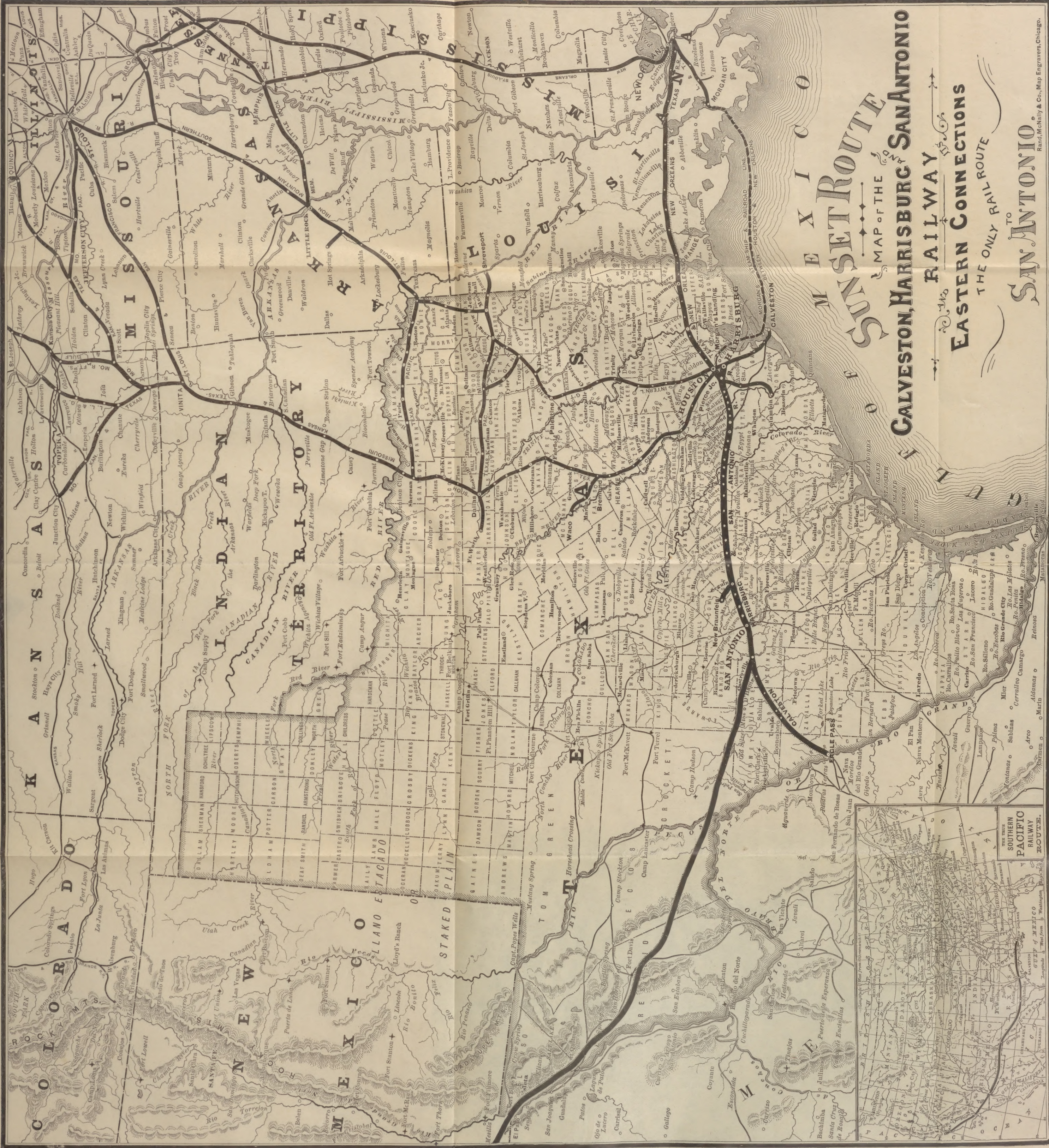
That eminent English author, Dr. James Henry Bennet, in the second edition of his valuable work on the "Treatment of Pulmonary Consumption by Hygiene, Climate and Medicine, in its connection with Modern Doctrines," after demonstrating the error of sending consumptive patients to all the points, both in Europe and America, that have been selected, and are now being used for the climatic treatment of consumption, concludes thus: "We are always, however, at a loss to find a cool summer residence in the States, where the minimum in July and August would be between 50° and 60° Far., and the maximum between 60° and 70°. I wish, therefore, my American colleagues would try to find out some such locality in their mountain ranges at an accessible distance from New York."

While the range of the thermometer in the region here treated of, as far as record has been kept, is higher than that indicated by this experienced author, the known dryness of the air, together with the cool and refreshing breeze, which is universally prevalent, may more than compensate the consumptive patient for the difference in the range of the thermometer. The beneficial effects of the climate, in the area treated of, is not simply a matter of opinion on the part of the writer on purely theoretical grounds. During a practice of over thirty years in Central Texas he has seen many patients sent there with clearly marked indications of consumption, and at a time in the history of the country when such patients had to rely almost entirely upon the climate for the benefit they received. In all cases the change gave marked relief, with, he believes, a prolongation of life for years with some, and a perfect cure with others."



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